little collection of arms--rifles, bandoliers, khanjirs (the curved Kurdish dagger)--may often be seen, because men with business in the serai are disarmed on entering and may reclaim their weapons after their departure. The roofs are of earth thickly plastered and rolled on supporting joists of bundled poles and twigs, and on them tufts of grass have found a foothold. In summer the policemen on duty at night take up their station in a corner of the roof.

The offices of the serai open on the inner courtyard. There are but a few loopholes in the outer wall of the first storey, and the interior windows and those of the second storey facing the valley are glassed and barred. The walls within are plastered, but the ceiling consists of bare branches and poles which support the roof. The floors are of tamped earth. The furniture--desks, chairs, and long, high wooden benches--is unpainted, while a few offices boast upholstered easy-chairs. Cases, desks, and convenient corners are occupied with stacks of dossiers and loosely-pinned papers. Everything is written by hand, for there are no typewriters. In the corner of every office stands the omnipresent grey water-jug with a glass turned down over its mouth. There is no electric lighting, and the rare work which demands attention after dark must be done by kerosene or gasoline lanterns. A few of the rooms are equipped with stoves in wintertime. Directly across the courtyard from the gateway is the jail, its inner wall